UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1250.

Original Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. HEMSTEAD.

'Tis even, and the moon, Mother,
Is ascending in the west;
And the wane o'Luna's blooming bough
Comes softly o'er the breast.
The sill is ringing out,
From yonder pine vale;
And a spell-inviting author,
Floats out upon the gale.

And echo from the dell, Mother,
Steals sweetly on the soul;
As the darkings of the waterfall,
Along the valley roll.
The whippoor-ill doth pause her song,
From yonder dark glen bough;
And the silence gently breaks,
Beneath the moon's pale brow.

And I dream that thou art nigh, Mother,
I dream that thou art nigh;
But it is in a dream, Mother,
And a tear is in my eyes—
A tear for pure regret,
Sweet memories that are fleet;
For pleasures long, long fled,
Lorn Hope and Joy dead.

Yes, I dream that thou art nigh, Mother,
Upon the couch
Where the "beloved town" with odors,
The flower were wont to fill.
Where are the smiles of love,
When one night had wrapt the earth;
To pass us one of joy,
Round a kindred rural hearth.

And then I was a child, Mother,
And I loved to hear thy voice;
How its eventful theme, its gentlest pathe,
With thy fervent thanks did,
I knew not of the madness,
The shadows of the soul;
That time, forever flowing,
Might o'er my repose throw.

But he hath passed on now, Mother,
How life is little worth,
And wrought but to decieve us,
Are the brightest dreams of earth.
The present never knowing,
I can see I was then content,
And with each gleam of sunshine,
Anticipate its morrow.

The step was firmer, too, Mother,
The step was firmer then;
And the tones had their share of joy,
That may ne'er return again.
There's a shade on the rose, Mother,
Its breath is on the bow;
Its verdure is not as it was,
His shadow dims the brow.

Ah, I remember well, Mother,
As our dwelling rose in view,
And the little sister ran in darkness,
That we might shout them down.
How we have set together
Around the bright fire's blaze,
And how the moon would peep in,
At bright eyes now shining round thee,
Are lonely and far distant,
And then I was thee wing, Mother,
For those bright eyes are closed,
That had passed thee o'er the brightly,
Ere the moon was departed.

Philadelphia, June 1845.

Original Tales.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

It was the fifth of June. I sat with a small party on board one of the beautiful and commodious packets that ply between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, each with its freight of bustling hearts, and busy brains, intent on home, or gain, or pleasure. The day had been an excessively warm, and we had all been longing for the cool breeze about the cabins, ironically misnomed of the hottest and most confined, we had left, or to whom we were hastening. But this evil had gone down, and a slight breeze came now and then from the green hills, rolling the bright river, and bearing a pleasing dampness upon its I expect promise. We were ourselves, and went out upon deck to enjoy its freshness and fill our souls with the beauty that gladdened all the scene. Each one of us, in consequence, laziness along the noble Susquehanna. Indeed I much question whether there was a soul on board that was not entranced, and left their souls in the hands of the Lord, and their wealth of cultivation, had obtained a home, whether in the mills and manufactories — or whether the still moonlight sleeps over on a more beautiful flood than the Susquehanna river which is the pride of the state of Pennsylvania. I will leave that to the beauty of the scene, but my heart was not in it for it had been left with the dead. I was in a landscape and a scene, which Memory still treasures, are peculiar, in all the wide fair world. I will tell it to you. I was sitting from the land of roses, weary and alone in a desert waste. Not only does it pass for home from amid the arid sands of Arabia, or more dear to the Arab who wakes keen regrets for the lowlier land and that lies glowing in the radiance of the Pastand all the associations that are attached with the tone that pleased its kindred in the native tower of love. True, gazing upon the glorious scenery which is the pride of my soul had gone back to the desert, because earlier loved Constantine and wresting treasures from him, dragged me from the land of roses

coveted? Is not money so gained better than sleeping under a calico sheet and three horse rugs, and having holes in your shoes, and four shillings a-week and finding yourself?"

"No—no!" gasped Dick, "I'm sure it's not."

"Oh, you're sure it's not?" said Tick. "Then the sooner these books go to rest again the better;" and then the ledgers, and the journals, and the day-books lump'd back again to their iron resting-place.

Tick too shrunk down until the chest seemed big enough to make him a very handsome mansion, and as he stood between the two massy doors he said—

"Dick Drugget, be a good boy, and never envy any man his wealth until you know how he gets it. Wiser folks than you, Dicky, very often grow dissatisfied with roast beef because somebody else eats venison; but if they knew how hard the venison is to digest from being bought with dirty money, they would thank their stars that they had such a friend as a confiding butcher. Good night, Dicky, don't you forget the Last Year's Balance."

Tick stepped into the chest, and the doors flew together with much the same noise as that produced by ——— knocking down a shovel, a poker, and a pair of tongs, on an iron fender, a feat which Dick Drugget performed at his master's counting-house exactly as the clock on the stairs struck One.

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

CAUDLE, WHILST WALKING WITH HIS WIFE, HAS BEEN BOWED TO BY A YOUNGER AND EVEN PRETTIER WOMAN THAN MRS. CAUDLE.

If I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay in doors all my life.

"What! Don't tell me to let you have one night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! What am I raving about? Oh, you know very well—very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his wife! Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! You've met her once or twice at her brother's house? Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always ...

...

not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now,—I've often thought it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"*Where's your watch?* Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave."

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for this is the only lecture to which he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. F. D. will excuse us for saying that he has hardly done justice to his subject. We must therefore decline his favor.

"Query" is informed that we shall not put questions for him in such a manner that they may carry the weight of assertions. If you have anything to say, man, speak out. If not, keep silent.

"Honestus" must go to Washington with his claims.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

If, as the adage runs, no news is good news, then good news is the order of the day just now. There never was a more complete stagnation among the notables than at present— ...

...

GUANO.

Some months since we had in the Post a long article, prepared with much care, relative to the use of guano as a manure, its properties, analysis and effects. We refer to it now principally to say that the essential properties of the article may be obtained at much less labor than going to Africa for it; and borrow the remarks of the Springfield Republican, printed in an agricultural district of Massachusetts. The editor of that paper, after remarking that the value of the guano imported into Great Britain last year, amounted to $4,000,000, goes on to say:

This substance, which is found in various places, both in the eastern and western hemispheres, but chiefly on the islands of the African seas, is the excrement of the sea fowl, and decayed animal matter, which have been accumulating for years, perhaps centuries. It is composed chiefly of phosphorus and concentrated nitrogen; hence its fertilizing qualities, as both are necessary to the growth of vegetable substance, entering largely into the composition of organized matter. Dr. Lee, of Buffalo, editor of the Genesee Farmer, says that next to clay, sand and potash—lime, soda, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine and iron, are the most important minerals found in cultivated plants. That, from an ignorance of the sciences of geology, chemistry, and of vegetable and animal physiology and systematic investigation of the laws of nature, it can be proved by demonstration that in the State of New York alone, ...

WELCOME MORTALITY.

The Frederick (Md.) Examiner, gives an account of a kind of mortality in that region, which, we suspect, would not disoblige any body in this vicinity. There has been observed for several weeks, the death of an innumerable quantity of flies. There appears to be a fatal disease amongst them. They are attacked by it in the afternoon of the day, when they evince a disposition to seek the moisture, superinduced in all probability by fever and a consequent thirst. After slaking their thirst, they appear to be deprived of the ability to leave the spot, become perfectly unnerved and thus suddenly die. After three o'clock in the afternoon, numbers of them are found dead in moist and wet places, in a premature state of decay.

On second thoughts we take back what was said above about *welcome* mortality. No man can tell or imagine what important function flies may be created to perform in the great system of natural economy. Insignificant as they appear to us, it is not for man to dream that the great Creator has made any thing, however minute it may appear, without its use. Nor can man ever know what consequences follow the destruction of flies. Every effect has a cause, and every cause is but a link of the endless chain of effects.

THE MEXICAN INSTALMENTS.

...

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

...

Last week, one Charles F. Wells, a groom in the service of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, at Ashelthorpe, obtained a license from that clergyman under false pretences, and eloped with and married Miss Sheppard, a young lady of great beauty and highly accomplished—who is a ward in Chancery, and entitled to a very large fortune on attaining her majority. At present she is barely 16 years of age. They were pursued—she refused to leave her husband—but as marrying a ward in Chancery wrongfully, is a serious offence, Wells was imprisoned. The nearest relatives of the young lady, however, declined prosecuting, and therefore the defendant was discharged. But he has since been served with a citation from the Court of Chancery. Thus the matter rests for the present, but it has made quite a noise in high life—every body agreeing that handsome and rich young ladies, who are wards in Chancery, should be better looked after by their friends than Miss Sheppard. To prosecute the matter now, is useless. It will be better to try and make a gentleman of the husband—Charles Fiddinvent Wells, *Esquire*. They say he is a very handsome man, of good disposition, tolerably educated, and 23 years of age. Surely, then, he may be polished up into an ornament of society.

I must clear my note-book of tittle-tattle. A new medical society has been formed, entitled—"The Association of General Practioners in England;" and people are making themselves merry with the fact, that a member, in giving, as usual, the initials of his membership attached to his name, is obliged to do it as follows:—"Dr. R. T———k, of Liverpool, M. A. G. P. I. E.!" (*magpie.*)

A ball has been given at Vienna, in aid of the sufferers by the late terrific inundation ...

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JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are Agents for Maryland.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

IRELAND E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Southwestern States, and recently, assisted by *James R. Wright, Wm. Wilkinson, and John Wilkinson*, of Wilmington, and *Joseph Wilkinson*, of Philadelphia.

THOMAS SEVIS is our travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Texas.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wanamaker.

Notices of New Works.

MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF London. *Comprising Incidents of Travel from Constantinople in 1810 to 1837. By Richard Rush. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* 1 vol. 12mo.

We are aware, we Minister to England for the purpose of his book covers. His memoranda include negotiations on the Oregon question, the Canadian rebellion, the right of Britain, and the publication is therefore exceedingly well timed. The official and personal relations of the two countries relief in the order; making the book at once a valuable one in the present crisis, and a most interesting one in the general reader. Much light is thrown on the diplomatic history of the United States, and many most interesting incidents are given of the social life of public men, are preserved and described in a natural and agreeable manner. Every page is full of matter of the most lively conversance, and the verisimilitude of life they preserved gives the whole a charm which a forced arrangement would impair if not destroy. No American library will be complete without it. As a specimen of the contents we have before us the following heads at random:

CHAPTER VII.—Marriages of the Dukes of Cambridge, Sussex and Kent.—Queen Victoria's personal relations on such occasions.—Drawing Room on the Prince Regent's birth-day.—Interview with Lord Liverpool.—Interview with Mr. Canning.—Interview with Lord Castlereagh on the West India Trade.—Remarks about Canada.—Interview with Lord Liverpool after the Prince Regent's Speech.—Interview with Lord Castlereagh.—The Rumor about Cobbett.—Lord Castlereagh's conversation with Mr. Rush.

CHAPTER VIII.—Party at Carlton House.—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington.—Interview with Lord Liverpool on Mr. Rush's.—The Note presented by the Earl of Clancarty.—Interview with Lord Liverpool.—Dinner at the Borough on Special Embassies.—Interview with the Prince Regent at the Duke of Wellington's.—The Prince's Speech.—Interview.—The "Times."—Party at Grosvenor House.—Party at the Duke of Wellington's.—Arrival of the American Steam Ship Savannah, at Liverpool.

FARMERS' LIBRARY. Messrs. Greely & McElrath, of New York, have commenced the publication of a series of works which will, in the course of one year, form a library to the land. The publication is under charge of the well-known agricultural writer, Mr. Skinner, and will be monthly. The contents of the first or July part include letters of Franklin's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry, and a copious monthly journal of agricultural intelligence, &c., in every part of the country, describing experiments, &c., in every department of farming. The first part contained a mass of matter sufficient for a year's reading.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE. *July.* The first of the last of publishers seem to make it a point to issue a number of a magazine that is a perfect specimen of the typographic art. The only drawback—that most must get tired in the end, before they can be done with it—is the fact that each month is a picture by Neagle. Another of the engravings is an excellent one of the late Princess Victoria, Mrs. Darnall. The reading matter of the number is also good. Mrs. Gould, Miss Hale, Mrs. Chivers, and others of Mr. Godey's best contributors, are well represented.

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☞ Silas Bassett and Thomas McCarty, young men, while engaged in firing off fireworks on the 4th, were dreadfully injured by the premature explosion of the sixth charge. Bassett had his right hand and all the lower part of his arm blown away, and two fingers of the left hand torn off so that they hung by the skin, while McCarty had a face dreadfully bruised. McCarty had one arm blown off, and was very seriously injured in other respects, so much so, that he died of his wounds.

☞ During the thunder storm on Thursday week, at Pottstown, Virginia, the family of Mr. Cox were at dinner, and Mrs. Cox had just risen from the table and passed into a back bed room, where there was a feather bed, when the lightning struck the roof of the house just above where she stood, and depressed her at the bed as if passed by the side of the ground. The house is one story high. Neither of the family were thrown prostrate and stunned.

☞ A dreadful accident occurred at Ithica early on the morning of the 4th inst. The explosion of a cannon, by which a young man of the name of Day, carried death and destruction around. Geo. Boyd, a young man, one of the aids of the Marshal of the day, Professor Mc-Quinby, and John Nix, Esq., citizens of Ithica, were killed, and several others dangerously wounded.

☞ The New York Express says that on Saturday, the South Ferry boat, Brooklyn, came in collision with a small cow boat, in which were four lads. Two of them sprang for the guards of the steamer; one saved himself by holding on to the braces under the guards, the other, named Thomas Jenkins, was unfortunately drowned.

Personal News.

MR. WILLIS.

This gentleman has gone to Kutipe to correspond from thence with the Mirror. All his brilliant letters will add yet a new treasure to that lively pile of literature, and to the composition of this kind no man alive excels Mr. Willis. The first letter of Mr. Willis was expected by the steamer of the 1st inst. from Liverpool, but was not, instead, a letter from a friend, stating that when the steamer sailed, he was suffering in London with severe attack of brain fever. Under Appleton, one constant and unremitting care not be kept up with impunity. We hope, are this, that by all accounts, Mr. Willis is fully restored, and has, beside the recovery of health, acquired the lesson that the brain must not be overwrought.

☞ Gen. J. B. Dawson, member of Congress from the Third District of Louisiana, died at his residence near St. Francisville, in that State, on the 26th ult. Gen. D. was a man of generous impulses, and chivalrous bearing, universally popular in Feliciana, and his loss is much regretted by all who knew him.

☞ Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, has made a donation of ten thousand dollars to Dartmouth College, for the purpose of establishing a Professorship of Natural Philosophy: this is only an item in the thousand and one donations of the benevolent gentleman.

☞ Gov. Slidell has been selected to deliver an eulogy on the life and character of Andrew Jackson. The address will be delivered at the State Capitol on the 24th inst.

☞ Jacob Homer, Sr., died on the 26th ult., at his residence in Salem, West Jersey, aged upwards of 85 years. He was engaged at different periods throughout the Revolutionary War, in driving baggage wagons, and conveying provisions to the American Army; particularly while it was encamped in East Jersey. It is said of him that he crossed the Delaware River with Washington the night previous to the celebrated Battle of Trenton. At that period he was about sixteen years of age. He afterwards enlisted and marched to Western Pennsylvania to assist in quelling the celebrated Whiskey War.

☞ APPOINTMENTS AT THE PRESENT.—Gideon D. Bush, Marshal of the United States for the Territory of Iowa, in the place of Isaac Leffler, removed.

Benjamin R. Fenesh, as a Justice of the Peace in the County of Washington, in the District of Columbia, in the place of Thomas Blagden, having expired on the 2d inst.

Ernest Fearing, Naval Officer for the District of New-Orleans, in the place of Samuel Hale, jr., whose commission will expire July 28th, 1845.

George F. Worth, Deputy Post Master at Nantucket, Massachusetts, in the place of N. H. Jenks, whose commission expired.

John Forsyth, Deputy Post Master at Columbus, Geo. from the 20th inst., vice G. W. E. Bedell, whose commission will on that day expire.

Thomas Bogard, Deputy Post Master at Nottaway-Court House, Va., in the place of Wm. Bogard.

☞ At a meeting in Jackson, Tennessee, convened for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of General Jackson, a resolution was adopted recommending that a subscription be got up to erect a marble statue to him in that village.

☞ A St. Louis paper of the 29th ult. says: "Judge Baird, late Receiver of Public Moneys at Lexington, has the last downward trip of the steamer Di Vernon, to Fayette, about 40 trunk cut out, and five thousand dollars in gold and silver therefrom."

☞ Gen. W. W. Frederick died at Greensborough, Ala., on the 8th ult., from the effects of a snake-bite received sixteen hours previously. He was in the woods, felling, when he was bitten. The snake was of the water moccasin species.

☞ Dr. Dublin has resigned the Presidency of Dickinson College, and has accepted the Professorship of Church Church, in this city.

☞ The Baltimoreans are talking of erecting a monument to Gen. Jackson.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Steamship Acadia, at Boston, we have London papers to the 24th of June, but they embrace comparatively little intelligence. Our correspondent from Bristol supplies the most prominent miscellaneous topics.

The Maycooth Bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords, on the 16th inst., by a vote of 181 to 80. It passed in its second reading by a majority of 157. An amendment for manufacturing *Gaelic* as a good trade was lost by a majority of 96. It appears by a report of a committee of the House of Commons that 10,075 petitions, signed by 1,834,201 persons were presented against the bill, and that 88 petitions, signed by 17,480 were presented in its favor. The excitement in relation to the subject appears to have now subsided.

RIDGEWAY, we perceive is quoted as good, and the manufacturing *Gaelic* as a good trade, principally cereals. Cotton received a momentary check to the arrival of the Boston Steamer, but it soon revived, and closed with the old quotations. The Liverpool papers of the 18th say: "The demand has been kept up with much steadiness to a considerable degree of animation. The drawback—that more must get tired in the sun, before they can be taken to the mill—is the same as that of a picture by Neagle. Another of the engravings is an excellent one of the late Princess Victoria, Mrs. Darnall. The reading matter of the number is also good. Mrs. Gould, Miss Hale, Mrs. Chivers, and others of Mr. Godey's best contributors, are well represented.

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Selected Poetry.

JEALOUSY.

BY EDWARD LITTON BULWER.

I have [illegible]—I have no fear
Of your divine possession,
Yet [illegible] and then, shall hear
A voice that makes my jealous [illegible]
I envy no young heart your power,
Or fairest [illegible],
Where bloom no relics of the flower
That once in mine [illegible].
The love that lured thee perished—
Thy woman-heart could not be true
The earliest dream it cherished.

I do not envy those dark eyes
An one—unless'n they tell me;
May'st, and, as they look on mine, despise
A star can make me jealous.

If then set mine—all mine—at last,
I scorn as the treasures,
Such glance but dimmed elsewhere once,
Deprives me of a pleasure.

I am so much a lover greater,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine could stir
Should drain delight beside thee.

Then one—one only—should be left
I know no crowd near thee,
The rapturous lingering is thy heir,
The bosom that trembles by thee.

The very thing beneath thy feet,
The rose whose odors woo thee,
Adopt in all things be more sweet
Who would be all things to thee

If [illegible] the sunshine,
Or [illegible] be banished,
Turn to the sheltered plain and say
The tenor, themselves, are vanished

In night, that from our home thine eyes,
Thou'lt see no [illegible]
To [illegible] clouds that cross the skies
Have darkness for the dial.

Personal Sketches.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The following interesting sketch of a lady who always was believed and admired in this country, is by the Cast Reporter, who writes for the Boston Atlas.]

At this time Mrs. Hemans was separated from her husband, and resided at Wavertree, which is a place almost as secluded, I should think, as that she soon might receive the benefits of tuition in the neighboring city. A more unsociable locality, for one of her temperament, could hardly be conceived, for there was nothing of beauty in the neighborhood to recommend it; and she now brought up amongst the wild scenery of Wales, it must have been, at times, dreary indeed. The separation, too, from the father of her children must have preyed deeply on her spirits; but she seldom alluded to this subject, although I could see that she was excited to know the cause. Captain Hemans lived at Rome, and still corresponded with his wife, requesting the education of their children. Her own habits and tastes were entirely different from those of his wife, and a separation, although not a legal one, was mutually agreed upon. Of course, a hundred rumors were in circulation, and those officious persecutors who preferred attending to other person's affairs, conspired to their heart's content. I shall follow their example, and retail a few of the most amusing reports on this subject, holding the opinion that if a man and his wife choose to live apart, it is their business, and theirs alone—and such subjects should be strictly classed amongst those with which a stranger should intermeddle not.

It was about four in the afternoon, when the Warwick stage set me down at about a hundred yards from the place of my destination. The house in which the poetess resided was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high road, from which it was separated only by the foot-way and a little flower garden, surrounded by a white-thorn hedge. I noticed, that of all these houses no other side of it, here was the only one adorned with flowers—the rest had either grass or plain gravel surface—some of them even grew cabbages and French beans!

My knock at the door was answered by a servant girl—one of the pretty Lancashire witches, by whom I was shown into a small parlor, where I remained, while my name and card were taken to the lady of the house.

It was a very small apartment, but every thing about it indicated that it was the home of genius and of taste. Over the mantel shelf hung a fine engraving of Wilkie's Rabbit, the author of the Lives of the De Medici, with a presentation line in his own hand-writing. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the musical shelf were several of Mozart's operatic, of Italian groups. On the tables lay music, embroidery, and a pen tray of choice prints and water color engravings; but I was too much excited to pay much attention to such matters, and so I sat there, anxiously awaiting the entrance of the Poetess.

And never before or since, have I felt such a flutter of excitement. For years and years I had read her poetry, and imagined all sorts of things about the authoress. I had been told that she was beautiful, and had believed it—but I anticipated some disappointment in this respect—one fact I can assure you I had felt, when I heard the rustling of silks, and saw a lady enter the room.

Well I am disappointed, was the rapid thought which passed through my brain. The lady was decidedly looking and was no more to be remembered whatever in the engraved portrait of Mrs. Hemans—she was much younger, too, than I imagined Mrs. H. to have been. Another pin for the reader—not a surprise, it was not the Poetess of the affections—but her close and attached friend, Miss Jewsbury, who had been deputed by Mrs. Hemans to make excuses for a few moments delay in receiving me.

Miss Jewsbury was one of the most dark and siren-hearted creatures possible. She gracefully apologized for not finding Mrs. Hemans at home, and made me feel quite at my ease. I did not know that the lady was—but being aware that Mrs. Hemans had a sister who frequently met her friends to music, I imagined that my fair companion must be her—and was not undeceived until after Mrs. Hemans made her appearance.

It was not long before the Poetess entered the room. She held out her hand and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite me—but before she did so, introduced Miss Jewsbury.

I cannot well conceive of a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was—one of the portraits or busts I have ever seen did her justice, and it is possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the magnificent yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and the ringlets on the temples, in rain and locks, and auburn curls—there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a shadowed sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face—but traces of exiled affections of mind were lost, and she seemed be but "a little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind! Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast, in thus describing her—for I am only one of many, who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty as adorned by the sweetness and purity of her productions. If ever poesies were the shrill of the heavens, personal and mental, in their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

We talked, of course, a great deal about poetry and poets, and she asked me if I had seen Wordsworth?

On my replying that I had not, she said: "You will be astonished at the simplicity with the man as with his works. He is deeply that—loved as both as St. Angelo, and he would had a day with me, reading his own poetry."

We talked of L. E. L. Mrs. Hemans said she had received several letters from her, containing pressing invitations to visit her at Paris. "A place I never was in, and never wish to be," she observed. "It must be to me like living in ovens in this quiet place, and there I think I would burn. The great rebel was not made for such as me."

She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told her, which was current of the poems had something to do. It was true.

Near the end of Bath is certain field, I understand, in which, amongst other monuments, is one of great beauty and taste, to which was engraved the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age—nineteen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs. Hemans:

"Bring flowers, oh! flowers, the flowers, not the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For the love for and hath left us is now come home,
For this is the woods was the right mind,
They have a wreath more meet for the [illegible]
And are now's not gift—bring no funeral pale flowers!"

The spirit of the poem—the grief—the love—the whole flowers of all descriptions passed for the most part unnoticed by the lady, who commenced a blossom from the ground, and there they flourished, as if in obedience to the melodies of the poetess. It was one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to genius.

"Come—I will show you my poetic mind," she said—and she led the way to a room near the end in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There were no authoresses-like. Every thing was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said, laughingly:

"An application for my Autograph, and the manuscript copied. You cannot conceive how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person who ought to have known better, sent me an Album lately, and begged a page from me, if it were only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon."

In incidentally referring to her compositions she said:—"They often remain chiming in my mind, for days, before I commit them to paper; and sometimes I write forget many, without to compose so I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labor with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which I find to require something like labor."

My thoughts have been in the habit of using the laziness of rhyme, for when they are often diffused, or I lose sight, in the order of composition, of the leading idea altogether."

Mrs. Hemans's voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given any thing to have heard her recite some of her own poetry; but I did not dare to hazard such a request, and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I estimated my intention of taking my departure, when she begged me to partake of her refreshment, and with me I agreed, with that I should do so, that I did not hesitate to drink a glass of wine and water before I left.

I must not omit to mention, for the especial benefit of my fair readers, that Miss Jewsbury's dress was simple enough. She wore a white gown, (I really can't learn